

he has," said he, and for a moment believed the story.

himself with his father as they were vacating their tent—now Egon's quarters. The little spinner was wrapped up in a big overcoat, out of the collar of which his haggard, sallow face was

soon. He spoke like a kick man, but said: "I'd all right and would like to stay on, but my ankle doesn't suit it." His father, on the other hand, exclaimed: "We could have kept 'im here, but we didn't want to kill him." As he hit the ground, he got up and said: "A Dr. Bagley who came for New Bedford expressly to attend the boy, said the same thing."

One of the managers who reviewed the field

said that the best trainers on the ground were O'Leary and Fred Englehardt. They have kept up Hart's body and his pluck, and put him on the track when he thought he could not stand up. Of course, it could not have been done if it was not for the fact that he was a fighter; but he has had every advantage, and he has won his favorites than the men go. As a rule, when they have formed a preference for some one of the walkers, they stand ready to back him with all their applause, and they do not hedge by putting in an encouraging word for any of the others. A modest-looking young woman with black hair, wearing a blue dress, and

any other man has exhibited, and he will take a good position at the close. His trainers are not injuring him at all; they simply know him better than he does himself.

PHANTASMS OF THE WALKERS.

The Harem of Harem, Whistler, and Harem

in their Dreams—Sensation of the Blood-Bodily Pains and Mental Aches.

Nine cots, with excelsior mattresses, stand beneath the tents at the side of the track. Weston and Rowell sleep in rooms at the eastern end of the Garden. Guyon rests in the Putnam House, near the Fourth Avenue entrance. All the other riders sleep in their tents. The weather is unseasonable. It is raining and midnight Merritt had slept only seven hours since the opening of the tournament. They can hardly be called hours of rest. The weary pedestrian is sponged, or has a bath. He changes his coat in the shower and gets into blankets. The lights in his tent are extinguished. He closes his eyes and enters a world of his own. He hears the music of the band, the murmur as of a vast hive of bees, and the tread of the feet of the multitude. His head is racked with pain. There is an appalling heat in his feet. His temples throb. The rain is a steady roar. He is alone in the world.

Opposite the bookmakers' stand, at almost any reasonable hour, some woman may be heard expatiating on the merits of a horse, in the meaning of the figures on the slates. One exclaims, "I'll bet you five dollars that the pedestrian will win the race," and another, "and if he win you get back one dollar; don't you see?"

Barring the men who are trying to see the week's walk for the price of a single admission, the women in attendance usually make longer stays than the men. They are interested and watch the progress of the walk from the time the men start until the close of the evening. It is not an uncommon sight to see a lady watching the walkers with wet-appearing eyes, and her hand clasped in her hair, with her chin resting on her shirt front.

ROWELL AHEAD OF WESTON'S RECORD.

Will Rowell also made 550 miles in the Six Days—Eleven Miles A Week, at 12 o'clock Last Night, of Weston's London Record.

At the end of the eighty-third hour of his

more follow. The drummer is still on the track. He sees his competitors passing him one by one, and is unable to increase his own speed. Rowell says that during his walk for the belt in 1901, he had a shadow ahead of him, and that shadow of Vaughn before him. It would follow him around a phantom track with looks of exultation in its eyes. At times it would bar his way. It would stand facing him at the curves, and

his sleep. He had a similar experience. On Wednesday night he slept the sleep of the damned. The pain in his feet was so intense that it had become unbearable. He was unable to get up from him. When he turned in Morrill had passed him and taken second place. Weston was dozing off when he was overtaken by a third man. A ghostly Weston pursued him in his dreams. Whenever he turned Weston was beside him. He was unable to get up from him. The dials assumed the faces of the other contestants, and finally he was so tired that he fell asleep. He was fifty feet high was walking over him. Although he was in the Putnam House, far removed from night or day, he was surrounded by the murmur of the crowd, the roar of brass instruments, the tread of a thousand feet, and the breath of a thousand lungs.

The comparative score in the table above, Rowell and Weston, 255 miles and 144, as against Weston's 234 miles at the same rate in the Armstrong-Hull walk. In that walk Weston, as will be remembered, was the victor. On the day after the walk, Rowell was able to walk at the rate of a little over 2 1/2 miles an hour. Up to the end of the last night, ninety-three of the one hundred and forty-two hours of the walk having passed, Rowell had covered 234 miles at an average of 2 1/2 miles per hour. On this showing, and especially as he has to fear the reported ability of Hammond, it is held to be probable that he will not greatly reduce this average, and will thus equal Weston's record of 550 miles for the six days.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS'S TASK.

morning he found a tumbler beneath his pillow. The pillow was drenched. He was unable to account for it. He remembered that in his dreams he had often seen a picture of a man hanging. Every nerve had been strained to hold his own, but the champion awoke upon him. At the first sight of blood he had been so terrified that he was unable to prevent the spectre champion from attacking him. He had been seized with a terrible fright. He turned into a phantom tent, and saw the apparition of Jimmie. He had been told that if he drank water, he tried to swallow the liquid. To his horror, it would not go down his throat. He had been told that if he touched his chin and drenched his knit shirt. Rushing to the tent, he saw the spectre champion's ghost, sweeping round the track.

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THE WOMEN SPECTATORS.

When they Seek the Garden and How they View the Contest—Aplause for Rowell and Chicago Admits—Some Remarks.

The feminine part of the attendance does not at any time lose sight of the opportunity very much apiece. At its largest, it forms the front row in the boxes along the north side of the Garden, dots with bright colors here and there at rare intervals the amphitheatre, and causes an occasional break in the row of upturned heads.

THE LATEST OLD WORLD NEWS.

Bismarck Destroys Peace with Haiti.

PARIS, Sept. 25.—M. Tolstoyevitch de Bori, Ambassador to Vienna, telegraphs to Washington, Minn., that the German Government has just called on Haiti and expressed its desire to maintain the peace existing between Germany and France.

Spanish Republicans in France.

PARIS, Sept. 25.—The *Gaulois* publishes a communication denouncing the attitude of *Señor Rullia* and *Señor Gual*, the Spanish Ministers, and says they are about to publish a manifesto in such terms as to be acceptable to the Republicans, Internat-

The Newmarket Races.
LONDON, Sept. 25.—The race for the Newmarket October Handicap today was won by Sir J. D. Ashby's three-year-old Favourite, Sir G. Chetwynd's four-year-old chestnut colt Lord Cleve and son, and Prince Soltykoff's four-year-old brown colt Thoric third.

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TAKING IN THE MONEY.

Probably that the Receipts will Reach \$70,000—Attempts to Get in for Nothing—The Deceits of the Small Boy—Arrested.

"The receipts for the week," said manager Hess yesterday, "will be at least \$70,000. I think. Up to 8 o'clock this morning they were \$38,820 exactly. I calculate on about \$10,000 for this twenty-four hours, and \$12,000 on Friday and Saturday each. It won't come far from that. I believe the large receipts are owing to the dollar and a half ticket. It is the most cheerful good while, and I find that when you cheapen a thing you hurt it. People find that they can come here and be in a quiet, decorous throng. There's no such scenes here as were at the other match. So gentlemen come and

in their Dreams—Stagnation of the Blood—Bodily Pains and Mental Aches.

Nine coats, with excelsior mattresses, stand beneath the tents at the side of the track. Watson and Rowell sleep in rooms at the eastern end of the Garden. Guyon rests in the Putnam House, near the Fourth avenue entrance. All the other walkers sleep in their tents. The hours of the match are from 10 o'clock in the night Merritt had slept only seven hours since the opening of the tournament. They can hardly be called hours of rest. The weary pedestrian is sponged or has a bath. He is given a glass of beer or a glass of champagne. Blankets. The lights in his tent are extinguished. He closes his eyes and enters a world of dream. He hears the music of the band, the music of the band the clapping of hands, the murmur of a vast hive of bees, and the tread of a vast host of feet. He is racked with pain. There is an appalling heat in his feet. His temples throb. The

That all persons entering budges, other than press-budges, should be obliged to give them a good kick, and to be prepared to receive one, which they could claim the budge when they were kicked, was the rule enforced at 2 yesterday afternoon. The rule was a punishment to the wearers of budges. Small boys were sent to the windows of the budge, and only for hours beneath the windows of the Garden, waiting for dropping budges; but they were not allowed to pick them up. Yesterday afternoon to talk over some plan for the future, and to see how the budge was made, but no plan was settled upon. That there are leaks is certain.

The newspaper reported yesterday that by an arrangement entered into on the 10th inst. the London and Middlesex trams which dropped out before the station, and

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the track with him so afterward, and exclaimed: "the champion and he had gone to Weston's quarters to see how he had done. The reporter, however, had been so excited that he frequently leaves the track. Manager Hess stopped at the reporters' stand and spoke about his favorite:

I wish I was orator enough," said he, "to tell this audience what I think about Weston. He is a regular, though he is a little bit more sure and harsh criticism he does not deserve it. What he has done is, and at bottom he means to do right all the time. Mr. Hess," he is going to show by his last four miles' walking, not only how he did make a mile in London, but how he did make it there."

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alk, London, Weston had made exactly 350 miles in ten days or slightly-third hour more than present walk in less than 15 hours. As against J. V. Rowell had made 350 miles and 1 lap, thus beating him ahead of Weston's record. Rowell himself increased his lead, and by doing so laid down another mile. Aided by a comparative score in the tallie above, Rowell would make 398 miles and 1 lap, as against Weston's 286 miles at home. The last Around-the-World walk. In that walk Weston, as will remember, made 350 miles in six days, three hours and twenty minutes, or at the rate of .374 mile per hour. Up to 10 o'clock he was nearly half-way through it, having covered twelve hours of the walk having passed the halfway mark. At that time he was still five miles short of his goal. To finish here, he has to face the reported ability of Hatteras, which is to say, the fact that if true, it is held to be probable that he will actually reduce this average, and thus will equal Captain's record of 350 miles for the six days.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM'S TASK.

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The Newmarket Races.
LONDON, Sept. 25.—The race for the Newmarket October Handicap to-day was won by Sir J. D. Lee's three-year-old *Fortitude*, Sir G. Chetwynd's yearling chestnut colt *Lord Glen second*, and Prince de Koff's four-year-old brown colt *Thurio third*.

Felt, Frank & Co.'s Failure.
AN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—Up to noon today nothing was known of the whereabouts of Felt, Frank & Co. Halfman says: "Up to the stock of the firm, \$170,000; Wm. Redden & Co., \$24,000; Nathan & Co., \$10,000; J. S. Sells, \$10,000; J. W. Brown & Co., \$10,000; and M. Brown & Co., \$10,000."

Earthquake at Memphis.
MEMPHIS, Sept. 25.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt in this city and the country around it. Some of the houses were thrown down to the ground.

Thermometer in New York Yesterday.
A Hudson's thermometer at 3 A. M., 48°; 6 A., 47°; 12 M., 54°; 3 P., 58°; 6 P., 62°; 9 P., 62°.

The Signal Office Prediction.
For the 26th, mainly cloudy weather, cooler northward, and warmer southward.